

R E C E I P T

To Dress a PARSON after the newest Fashion; said to be laid under Sir P--- K---'s Plate at a Publick Entertainment, instead of a Bill of Fare.

WHEN you have a fat Parson that's fleshy and new,
For plain common Stomachs bare * *Roasting* will do:
But then for the Palate of some squeamish Members,
You must Griddle or † *Broil* him on Juniper Embers:
And in order to make him more easily pass,
You must cut him and slash him first at the || *Cart's Arse*.
If any one still is more curiously fed,
The heighth of the Mode is to ** *Boil him in Lead*:
And if you'll have every thing answer desire,
With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.
When thus you have done, and are ready to sup,
With Sippets of Wigs you must strait dish him up.
But still, after all your care in the Dressing,
Be sure get a pair of Lawn Sleeves to crave Blessing:
And when you have done, without finding fault,
Eat him up piping hot, with Pepper and Salt:
If he doth not set easie, without any question
A Dram of †† *Geneva* may help the Digestion.
Nota bene however, that when he is sliced,
And salted and beaten, and Pepper'd and Spiced,
As the wiser *Italians* of Cucumbers say,
You had best, after all, to throw him away:
For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain occasion,
By most of the Can---ls of the whole Nation,
Dress him never so long, to make him the more fit,
He'll ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit.
For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,
Before he's digested, 'tis thought, he will choke 'em.

* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.* † *Sir Steph. Leo---d's Saying.* || *Mr. Buf---n's Saying.* ** *A Devonshire Whig's Saying.* †† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in Flanders drink instead of Brandy.*